

SECURITY DEMAND IS GREATER THAN SUPPLY

Many Low Priced but Well Known Stocks Quoted at Bottom Prices During Day.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22.—That the supply of securities continues in excess of the demand was again demonstrated by the heavy course of today's full movement of the stock exchange.

Many better known and seasoned issues of less importance, including low priced coppers were quoted at bottom figures. Weakness of the metal group appeared to have its basis in another severe cut in the price of metal, due to the lack of demand.

United States steel resumed its old position as leader, falling in the early dealings to 48 3/4, from which it rose fractionally, only to decline again in the final hour. Support of this stock was rather indifferent throughout the session and the general closing was correspondingly weak.

That the steel corporation is hope-

ful of improved trade conditions is shown by the official statement to the effect that no general reduction in wage schedule will be made at this time, because of "some evidence of a change for the better."

Reading and Lehigh Valley were conspicuous for their relative strength in early stock trading, each gaining a point on the decision of the federal court that Lehigh Valley had not violated the antitrust laws in the relations with some of its subsidiaries. Bethlehem steel and preferred was another isolated instance of strength, partially the result of a rumor that the company has secured more large orders from abroad.

Among the minor specialties, central leather rose on an increase in its dividend from 2 to 3 per cent. Bonds were irregular with few and far of the active group.

Total sales, per value were \$1,575, 000.

United States government coupon three advanced three fourths per cent on call.

Copper quiet.
Amalgamated, 52 1/4.
Smelting, 57 1/8.
Santa Fe, 52 1/2.
St. Paul, 57 3/4.
New York Central, 52 3/4.

Preservative, 100 7/8.
Reading, 144.
Southern Pacific, 52.
Union Pacific, 116 3/4.
Steel, 48 3/4.
Preferred, 101 1/4.

(By L. J. Overlock)

BOSTON, Dec. 22.—The market was without changes today. Opening prices were all steady but buying soon exhausted and dullness set in again. In the late deal prices ranged all around the room although the coppers showed no pressure to sell, but merely reacted on expected liquidation.

We see little encouragement for speculative purchases for some time to come.

NEW YORK

Amalgamated	52 3/8
Anaconda	52 1/8
Am. Steel	57
Atchafalpa	52
B. R. T.	54 1/2
B. & O.	49 3/4
C. & O.	42
Can. Pac.	155 1/2
Erie	23 1/8
Gl. Nor.	113 1/4
Lehigh	124
Mo. Pac.	99 1/4
Nor. Pac.	83
N. Y. C.	297
Penn.	144 1/4
R. I.	11 1/8
R. 1. Pfd.	17 1/8
Sugar	107
Steel	48 5/8
Steel Pfd.	104 1/2
St. Paul	57 3/4
So. Pac.	52 1/4
Union Pac.	116 1/2

BOSTON

Alaska	25
Algonquin	55
Butte Sup.	35 1/4
C. & H.	260
C. & A.	55 1/4
Chino	32 3/4
C. Range	22
Granby	60
Greene	24 1/2
Goldfield	14 1/2
Indiana	31 1/2
Inspiration	16
Keweenaw	27 1/8
Lake	5 1/2
Maine	17 3/4
Mayflower	41 1/2
Mohawk	46
N. Butte	22 1/2
Nevada	11 1/2
Old Dom.	44
Phelps Dodge	206
Pond Creek	12 1/2
Ray	15 1/2
Shannon	5
Sup. Boston	41 1/2
Utah Cons.	10
Utah Cop.	47 5/8

CURBS

Dean	8 1/4
Warren	5
Wolverine	1
New Cornelia	3 1/2
Verde	2

The Siege of The Seven Suitors

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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"But I must say everything. I refuse to be blinded by these absurd restrictions, whatever they are. It's not fair. It's inviting me into a game where the odds are not all on the table. I've come to make an end of it!"

My hands had suffered by contact with the bars, and I had been ministering to them with my handkerchief, but I fell back upon the slope in my astonishment at this colloquy. Cecilia Hollister had seen plainly enough, though the man's back had been toward me, but anywhere on earth I should have known Wiggins' voice. I protest that it is not my way to become an eavesdropper voluntarily, but to disclose myself now was impossible. If it had not been Wiggins—but Wiggins would never have understood or forgiven, nor could I have explained plausibly to Cecilia Hollister that I had not followed her from the house to spy upon her. I should have made the noise of an invading army if I had attempted to effect an exit by creeping out through the window of crisp leaves in which I lay, and to turn back and ascend the slope the way I had come would have been to advertise my presence to the figures in the road. There seemed nothing for me but to keep still and hope that this discussion between Cecilia Hollister and Hartley Wiggins would not be continued within earshot. To my relief they moved a little farther on, but I still heard their voices.

"I cannot listen to you. Now that I'm committed I cannot honorably countenance you at all, and I can explain nothing. I came here to meet you only to tell you this. You must go—please! And do not attempt to see me to this way again."

I was grateful that Wiggins' voice sank so low in his reply that I did not hear it, but I knew that he was pleading his voice.

I did not know why these gentlemen were ranging the neighborhood or what object they had in view, but their several appearances had interested me, and I went on into the house well satisfied that events of an unusual character were likely to mark my visit to the house of Miss Cecilia Hollister. Cecilia sat reading alone when I entered the library shortly before the dinner hour. She put down her book and we fell into brief talk.

"I took a walk after tea. I always feel that sunsets are best seen from the fields. You can't quite do them justice from windows," she began.

She seemed preoccupied. Wiggins was in her recollection of the glowing landscape—I was confident of this, and poor Wiggins was even now wandering these hills, no doubt, brooding upon his troubles under clear October stars.

Dinner was announced the moment Miss Hollister entered, and I walked out between them. Miss Cecilia Hollister was a surprising person, but in nothing was she so delightfully wayward as in the gown she wore. My ignorance of such matters is innumerable, but I fancy that she designed her own garment and had her ideas were thoroughly carried out by a tailor of skill. At the Ascotade, and when we had met at the in her own house, she had worn the severest of tailored gowns, with short skirt and a coat into whose pockets she was fond of thrusting her hands. Tonight the material was lavender silk trimmed in white, but the skirt had not lengthened,

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ing hard. Then a motor flashed by, and when the whir of its passing had ceased the voices were inaudible. But a moment later I heard a light, quick step beyond the wall, and Cecilia passed hurriedly, her face turned toward the house. The cape was drawn tight-



"You must go—please!"

ly about her shoulders, and she walked with her head bowed.

I breathed a sigh of relief, and when I felt safe from detection, climbed the slope.

Pausing on the crest to survey the landscape, I saw a man, wearing a derby hat and a light topcoat, leaning against a fence that enclosed a pasture. As I glanced in his direction he moved away hastily toward the road below. The feeling of being watched is not agreeable, and I could not account for him. As he passed out of sight still another man appeared, emerging from a strip of woodland farther on. Even through the evening haze I should have said that he was a gentleman. The two men apparently bore no relation to each other, though they were walking in the same direction, bound, I judged, for the highway below. I had an uncomfortable feeling that they had both been observing me, though for what purpose I could not imagine. Then once more, just as I was about to enter the Italian garden from a fallow field that hung slightly above it, a third man appeared as mysteriously as though he had sprung from the ground, and ran at a sharp dog trot along the fence, headed, like the others, for the road. In the third instance the stranger undoubtedly took pains to hide his face, but he, too, was well dressed and wore a topcoat and a fedora hat of current style.

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and over a white silk waist she wore a kind of cutaway coat that matched the skirt. An aigret in her lovely white hair contributed a piquant note to the whole impression. As we passed down the hall she talked with great animation of The Hague tribunal, just then holding a prominent place in the newspapers for some reason that has escaped me.

"The whole thing is absurd, perfectly absurd. I know of nothing that would contribute more to human enjoyment than a real war between Germany and England. The Hague idea is pure sentimentalism—if sentimentalism can ever be said to be pure. I will go further and say that I consider it positively immoral!"

She had ordered dinner in the gun room, but I thought this merely a turn of her humor, and I was taken aback when she led the way into a low, heavily raftered room, where electric sconces of an odd type were thrust at irregular intervals along the walls, which were otherwise hung with arms of many sorts in orderly combinations. They were not the litter of antique shops, I saw in a hasty glance, but rifles and guns of the latest patterns, and beside the sideboard stood a gun rack and a cabinet which I assumed contained still other and perhaps deadlier weapons.

But for the presence of Miss Cecilia, who was essentially typical of our twentieth century American woman, I think I might readily have yielded to the illusion that I was the guest of some eccentric chateau where had invited me to dine with her in a bastion of her fortress before ordering me to some chamber of horrors for execution.

No reference was made to the character of the room. I felt, in fact, that Cecilia rather pleaded with her eyes that I should make no reference to it. And Miss Hollister remarked quite casually as though in comment upon my thoughts:

"Consistency has buried its thousands and built its tens of thousands. We should live, Mr. Ames, for the changes and chances of this troubled life. Between an opera box and a villa at Newport many of my best friends have perished."

Then with startling abruptness she put down her fork and, bending her wonderfully direct gaze upon me, asked a question that caused me to struggle on a bit of apparatus.

(To be continued)

SAVES DAUGHTER

Advice of Mother no Doubt Prevents Daughter's Untimely End.

Ready, Ky.—"I was not able to do anything for nearly six months," writes Mrs. Laura Braucher, of this place, "and was down in bed for three months."

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